

HYMN XXVI,

E NVY, go weep ! My Muse and I
 Laugh thee to scorn ! *Thy
 feeble eye
 I s dazzled with the glory
 Shining in this gay Poesy,
 And little golden Story !
 Behold, how my proud quill doth
 shed
 Eternal nectar on her head !
 The pomp of Coronation
 Hath not such power, her fame to
 spread,
 As this my admiration!
 Respect my pen, as free and
 frank;
 Expecting nor reward, nor thank !
 Great wonder only moves it'
 I never made it mercenary !
 Nor should my Muse, this burden
 cairy
 As hired; but that she loves it!

FINIS.

